THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS — IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

No.9 10 JUNE 1967 EVERY MONDAY NINEPENCE

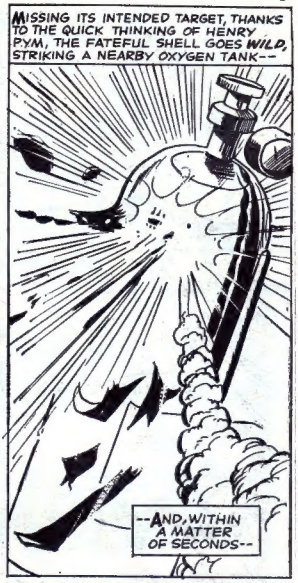
AND Dr STRANGE IN HOUSE OF SHADOWS

Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!

"the PRINCE and the PUPPET!"

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

THIS IS THE ONLY THING THAT'LL STOP HIM--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
KRAK!
NO!
COULDN'T STOP HIM FROM SHOOTING--BUT I DEFLECTED HIS AIM!

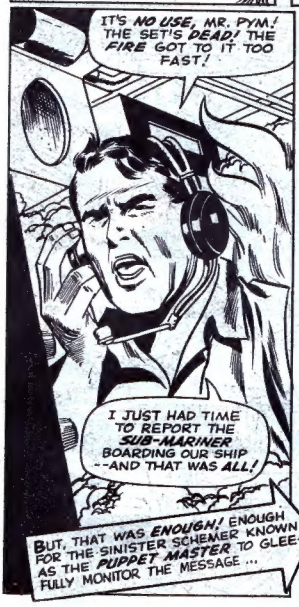

MISSING ITS INTENDED TARGET, THANKS TO THE QUICK THINKING OF HENRY PYM, THE FATEFUL SHELL GOES WILD, STRIKING A NEARBY OXYGEN TANK--
--AND, WITHIN A MATTER OF SECONDS--

--THE LAB SECTION OF THE SHIP BECOMES A RAGING INFERNO!
QUICK! EVERYBODY PITCH IN--OR WE'RE ALL DOOMED!
FIRE! THE ONE ELEMENT WHICH IS ALIEN TO ME! THE ONE ELEMENT I FEAR!
I-I'M SORRY, MR. PYM! I LOST MY HEAD! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE FIRED THAT SHOT!
IF THE BLAZE REACHES THE ENGINE ROOM, WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

ALL THOUGHT OF THE SUB-MARINER SEEMS TO VANISH IN THE FACE OF THE FAR MORE URGENT--THE FAR MORE DEADLY DANGER--
KEEP AT IT! DON'T LET UP! USE EVERY BIT OF FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT YOU'VE GOT!
THE FLAMES MUST BE KEPT FROM REACHING THE INFLAMMABLE EQUIPMENT IN THE HOLD!

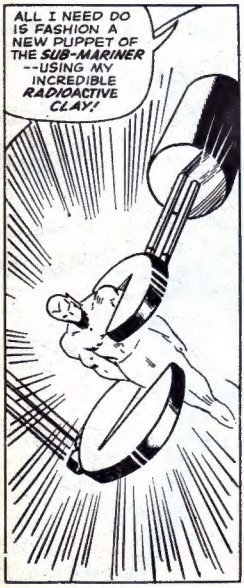
THE BLAZE IS DOING MY WORK FOR ME! NOW THEY'LL BE FORCED TO LEAVE THESE WATERS!
BUT, THE FIRE COMES CLOSER--THE HUNGRY FINGERS OF FLAME--AGAINST WHICH EVEN I HAVE NO DEFENCE!

KEEP THOSE PUMPS WORKING! BRING UP THE SAND BUCKETS! LEAN ON THOSE HOSES! MOVE!
COOPER, GET TO THE RADIO! CALL FOR HELP! STEP ON IT, MAN!


IT'S NO USE, MR. PYM! THE SET'S DEAD! THE FIRE GOT TO IT TOO FAST!
I JUST HAD TIME TO REPORT THE SUB-MARINER BOARDING OUR SHIP--AND THAT WAS ALL!
BUT, THAT WAS ENOUGH! ENOUGH FOR THE SINISTER SCHEMER KNOWN AS THE PUPPET MASTER TO GLEEFULLY MONITOR THE MESSAGE ...

PRINCE NAMOR--ALIVE! BACK ON THE SURFACE AGAIN--WHERE MY POWER CAN REACH HIM!
THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! IT IS TIME FOR ME TO BUILD MY NEWEST PUPPET!

EACH TIME I TRIED TO DEFEAT THE ACCURSED FANTASTIC FOUR, AND MY HOST OF OTHER COSTUMED FOES, I FAILED--ABYSMALLY! I VOWED NEVER TO TRY AGAIN! BUT NOW--I CANNOT FAIL!
NOW I'VE FOUND A CAT'S-PAW TO DO MY HANDIWORK FOR ME! A MAN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT I ALONE COULD NEVER DO!
* SEE WHAM 136-8.


ALL I NEED DO IS FASHION A NEW PUPPET OF THE SUB-MARINER --USING MY INCREDIBLE RADIOACTIVE CLAY!

IT SHALL BE MY GREATEST CREATION!

THERE! IT IS DONE!

WHILE BACK AT THE BURNING SHIP...
NAMOR, YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR THIS--!
ALWAYS YOU HUMANS BLAME THE SUB-MARINER! NO MATTER WHAT I SAY OR DO--YOU NEVER UNDER-STAND! VERY WELL, THEN --IF ENEMIES WE MUST BE--

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, SUB-MARINER! YOU'VE GOT THIRTY SECONDS TO--
WHAT HAPPENED?? HE SUDDENLY STIFFENED UP--AS THOUGH IN SHOCK! HIS EYES--HALF-CLOSED AND GLASSY! IS HE--HAVING A FIT?
NAMOR!-- WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

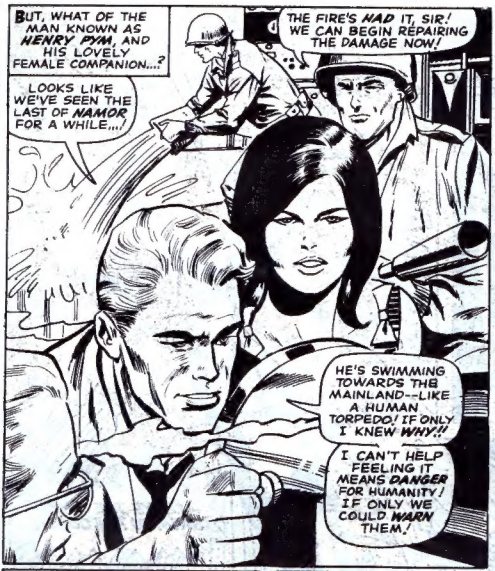
BUT, THE ONLY VOICE WHICH THE UNDERSEA PRINCE HEARS IS THE VOICE OF--THE PUPPET MASTER--!
YOUR BRAIN IS MY BRAIN! MY WILL IS YOURS!

NOW, LEAVE THE SHIP! I ORDER YOU--YOU MUST OBEY!
HE SEEMS TO BE HEARING VOICES--VOICES WHICH AREN'T THERE!

WE'RE IN LUCK, SIR! NAMOR'S HAD ENOUGH! HE'S LEAVING!
NO! THERE'S MORE TO IT! HE'D NEVER WALK AWAY FROM A FIGHT! SOMETHING'S AFFECTED HIM--!

NAMOR! WAIT--!
HANK! THE FIRE IS SUBSIDING! BUT THERE'S STILL SO MUCH TO BE DONE!
MISS VAN DYNE IS RIGHT, SIR! LET THE SUB-MARINER GO! WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS FULL RIGHT HERE!

BUT, THE LORD OF THE UNDERSEA REALM IS OBLIVIOUS TO ALL THAT TRANSPIRES ABOUT HIM...
HIS CONSCIOUSNESS IS AWARE OF ONLY ONE THING--THE PUPPET MASTER'S COMMAND!
LEAVE THE SHIP! SWIM TO THE COAST!
LEAVE THE SHIP! SWIM TO THE COAST!
LEAVE THE SHIP! SWIM TO THE COAST!
LEAVE THE SHIP! SWIM TO THE COAST!
LEAVE THE SHIP! SWIM TO THE COAST!
AND SO, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL BEINGS ON EARTH HEADS FOR SHORE--SUBJECT TO ANOTHER'S WILL--
POSSESSING RAW, NATURAL STRENGTH WHICH ALMOST BEGGARS DESCRIPTION! IT IS VIRTUALLY AKIN TO PLACING AN ATOM BOMB IN THE HANDS OF A MADMAN!


BUT, WHAT OF THE MAN KNOWN AS HENRY PYM, AND HIS LOVELY FEMALE COMPANION....?
THE FIRE'S HAD IT, SIR! WE CAN BEGIN REPAIRING THE DAMAGE NOW!
LOOKS LIKE WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF NAMOR FOR A WHILE...!
HE'S SWIMMING TOWARDS THE MAINLAND--LIKE A HUMAN TORPEDO! IF ONLY I KNEW WHY!!
I CAN'T HELP FEELING IT MEANS DANGER FOR HUMANITY! IF ONLY WE COULD WARN THEM!

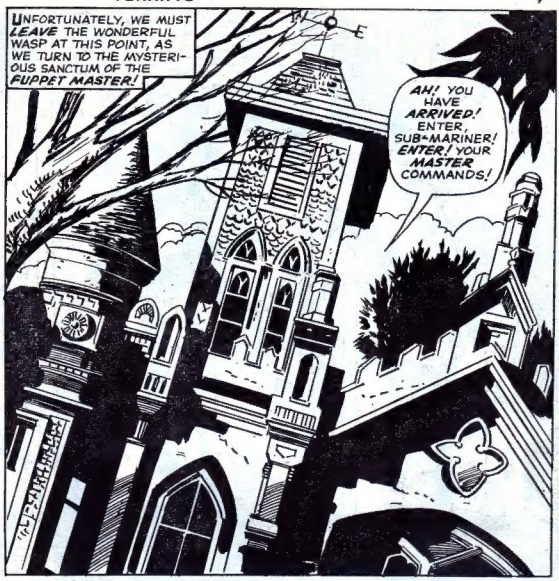
BUT THE RADIO'S DEAD! THERE'S NO WAY--UNLESS--
SOMEONE LIKE GIANT-MAN MIGHT BEAT NAMOR TO SHORE --BY TAKING HUGE, HUNDRED-FOOT STRIDES!

QUIET, GIRL! IF ANYONE HEARS YOU, IT'LL GIVE EVERYTHING AWAY! BESIDES, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I CAN'T LEAVE MY WORK NOW!
WELL, THEN --I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN DO IT--!

AND, ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW...
IT'S TIME FOR THE WASP TO FLY!
EVEN THOUGH THE DISTANCE IS TOO GREAT FOR MY TINY WINGS NON-STOP, I CAN TURN HUMAN SIZE AND FLOAT ON THE SURFACE WHENEVER I GET TIRED!

JAN--WAIT! THINK OF THE DANGER! IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU, I--!
AT EASE, HANDSOME! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TRAINED ME, REMEMBER? THIS IS MY CHANCE TO PROVE MYSELF WORTHY OF THAT TRAINING!

LUCKY NO ONE SAW ME CHANGE TO THE WASP! I DON'T KNOW HOW HANK WILL EXPLAIN MY ABSENCE, BUT I'M SURE HE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
I'D BEST HEAD FOR THE AVENGERS! THAT WAY, MY NEWS WON'T CAUSE A PANIC IN THE STREETS--AND THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!


UNFORTUNATELY, WE MUST LEAVE THE WONDERFUL WASP AT THIS POINT, AS WE TURN TO THE MYSTERIOUS SANCTUM OF THE PUPPET MASTER!
AH! YOU HAVE ARRIVED! ENTER, SUB-MARINER! ENTER! YOUR MASTER COMMANDS!

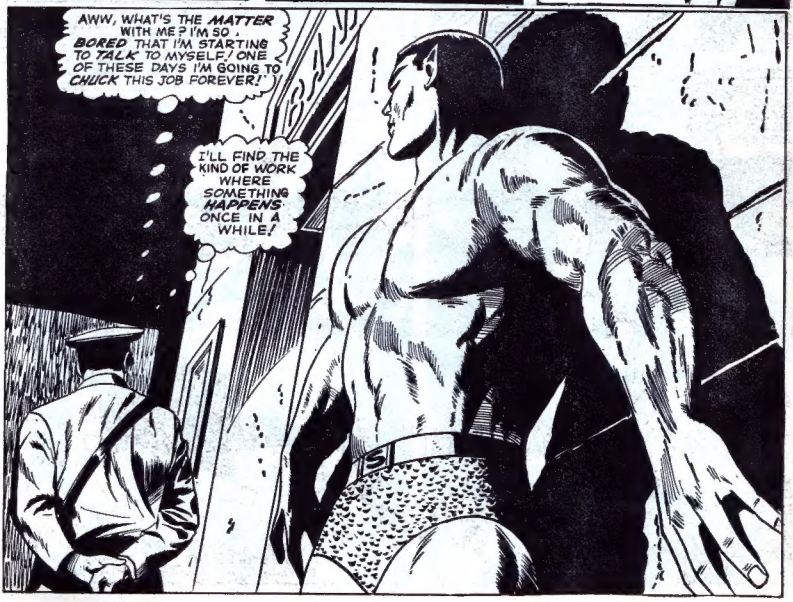
BEFORE I DISPATCH YOU TO CARRY OUT MY MAGNIFICENT TABLEAU OF REVENGE, I HAVE A MORE URGENT CHORE FOR YOU--!
DURING THE LONG, HUMILIATING MONTHS I WAS FORCED TO HIDE OUT HERE, MY MONEY HAS ALMOST ALL RUN OUT! BUT YOU SHALL REPLENISH MY FUNDS FOR ME!

WITH YOUR GREAT POWER --YOUR BRUTE STRENGTH-- IT WOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY FOR YOU TO ROB THE NEAREST BANK! AND THAT IS WHAT I COMMAND YOU TO DO!
SO LONG AS I HOLD THIS RADIOACTIVE PROTOTYPE OF YOURSELF, YOU CANNOT DISOBEY--YOU CANNOT REFUSE!
BEFORE THE SUN RISES, I SHALL BE WEALTHY AGAIN!
AND WEALTH IS WHAT I NEED IN ORDER TO CARRY OUT MY DETAILED PLAN OF REVENGE! NOW GO-- AND DO NOT RETURN WITHOUT A FORTUNE FOR YOUR MASTER! GO, I SAY!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AT A NEARBY BANK...
THIS WOULD BE A PERFECT JOB IF ONLY IT WASN'T SO UTTERLY DULL!

BUT, HOW CAN IT BE ANYTHING ELSE? NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD TRY TO ROB THE STRONGEST BANK IN THE CITY!

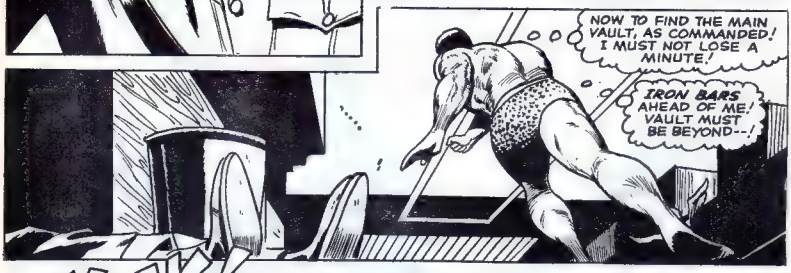
ALTHOUGH SOMETIMES I WISH SOMEONE WOULD TRY IT! HOW'S A BANK GUARD EVER GOING TO GET A PROMOTION IF HE DOESN'T GET A CHANCE TO BE A HERO?!!


AWW, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I'M SO BORED THAT I'M STARTING TO TALK TO MYSELF! ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO CHUCK THIS JOB FOREVER!
I'LL FIND THE KIND OF WORK WHERE SOMETHING HAPPENS ONCE IN A WHILE!

NO NEED TO INJURE THE HUMAN! ONE LIGHT BLOW TO A NERVE WILL LET HIM SLEEP!
UHNNHHH--!
HP

THEN, ONE EFFORTLESS TUG COMPLETELY SEVERS THE ALARM WIRE--!

USING THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD'S KEY, PRINCE NAMOR SILENTLY ENTERS THE NOW-DESERTED BUILDING...
BY THE TIME HE WAKES UP, MY WORK WILL BE DONE! NOTHING MUST STOP ME FROM CARRYING OUT MY MASTER'S ORDERS!


NOW TO FIND THE MAIN VAULT, AS COMMANDED! I MUST NOT LOSE A MINUTE!
IRON BARS AHEAD OF ME! VAULT MUST BE BEYOND--!

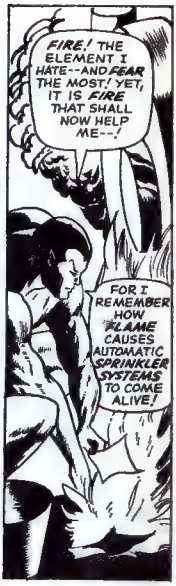
SKKRAK
NOW, ONLY ONE THING REMAINS...

I MUST FIND A WAY TO ENTER THE VAULT! MY STRENGTH MUST NOT FAIL ME NOW!

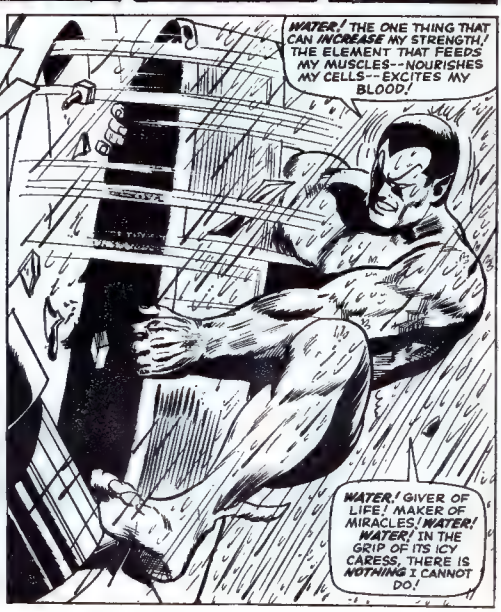
BUT, STRONG AS THEY ARE, NAMOR'S LIMBS ARE BUT FLESH AND BLOOD--!
ARRHHHH--!

--WHILE THE MAMMOTH DOOR IS MADE OF THE MOST FINELY-TEMPERED STEEL KNOWN TO SCIENCE...
CAN'T--MOVE IT--ENOUGH! CAN'T GET GRIP! I NEED --MORE POWER! MORE POWER--!

THEN, SUDDENLY--THE PROUD PRINCE OF THE BLOOD TURNS FROM THE MASSIVE DOOR AND REACHES FOR A SMALL BOOK OF MATCHES UPON A NEARBY DESK...

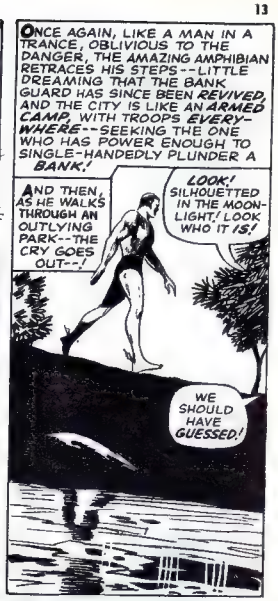

FIRE! THE ELEMENT I HATE--AND FEAR THE MOST! YET, IT IS FIRE THAT SHALL NOW HELP ME--!
FOR I REMEMBER HOW FLAME CAUSES AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEMS TO COME ALIVE!

SHOOSH!
AHHH! WATER--POURING SPILLING--GUSHING! SPLASHING ALL OVER ME--!


WATER! THE ONE THING THAT CAN INCREASE MY STRENGTH! THE ELEMENT THAT FEEDS MY MUSCLES--NOURISHES MY CELLS--EXCITES MY BLOOD!
WATER! GIVER OF LIFE! MAKER OF MIRACLES! WATER! WATER! IN THE GRIP OF ITS ICY CARESS, THERE IS NOTHING I CANNOT DO!

SECONDS LATER, THE MIGHTY UNDERSEA MONARCH SWIFTLY RETURNS TO THE BEING WHO CONTROLS HIM, CARRYING HIS STOLEN LOOT--HIS EYES GLASSY AND EMOTIONLESS...
MUST REACH PUPPET MASTER BEFORE ALARM CAN BE GIVEN...!
U.S. TREASURY
BANK

BUT, AT HIS DESTINATION, THE SUB-MARINER LEARNS...
YOU BROUGHT ME BONDS WHICH ARE NOT NEGOTIABLE! THEY'RE WORTHLESS TO ME! YOU MUST GO BACK! I WANT CASH! BRING ME CASH!


ONCE AGAIN, LIKE A MAN IN A TRANCE, OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER, THE AMAZING AMPHIBIAN RETRACES HIS STEPS--LITTLE DREAMING THAT THE BANK GUARD HAS SINCE BEEN REVIVED, AND THE CITY IS LIKE AN ARMED CAMP, WITH TROOPS EVERYWHERE--SEEKING THE ONE WHO HAS POWER ENOUGH TO SINGLE-HANDEDLY PLUNDER A BANK!
AND THEN, AS HE WALKS THROUGH AN OUTLYING PARK--THE CRY GOES OUT--!
LOOK! SILHOUETTED IN THE MOONLIGHT! LOOK WHO IT IS!
WE SHOULD HAVE GUESSED!

READY, MEN! NO MATTER NOW POWERFUL HE IS, WE'VE GOT THE HARDWARE TO STOP 'IM!
12

HE'S IN POSITION! CLOSE IN!
HE HEARD YOU! HE'S TURNING! HE SEES US!
AND THEN, AS THE HEAVILY-ARMED TROOPS MOVE IN, A SHARP THOUGHT BURNS INTO NAMOR'S BRAIN...

THIS IS THE PUPPET MASTER! YOU MUST NOT BE CAPTURED ALIVE! THERE MUST BE NO POSSIBILITY OF YOUR LEADING THEM TO ME! YOU WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH! I REPEAT--YOU WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH!
THIS IS IT! IF HE RESISTS--LET 'IM HAVE IT!
NEXT WEEK! THE PUPPET MASTER! KRANG! THE BEHEMOTH! IT'S LIKE 10 THRILLERS IN ONE! 'NUFF SAID!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Here's a page and a half packed with the wild and wonderful words of some of our Terrific following . . .

Dear Alf and Bart,
My letter may be one in zillions but I want you to know that you have boobed. How come in FANTASTIC 7 Atlantis is at the core of the Earth and in TERRIFIC it is at the bottom of the sea, eh ?
I think FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC are marvellous, stupendous, great, fantastic, terrific, etc., etc. Keep printing or else . . . Alf and Bart, you are the greatest of all editors.
Brian Shanyhnessy,
Chessington, Surrey.
P.S. Sub-Mariner is great also.

You're right, of course, Brian, but when you're thinking up a growth-stunting story every micro-second the odd Earth-shattering blunder is bound to creep in. So keep your brain trimmed and your eyes scanning —there could be bigger boobs yet.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Moons ago—thanks to your advert in the Sunday Mirror—I bought No. 1 of a great comic called TERRIFIC ! I liked the Avengers best, especially the part about how they obtained their super power. I placed a regular order at the nearest newsagents. Now comes the frantic part. By mistake I ironed on my Ironman-Transfer on to my Dad's best handkerchief and he went mad (literally). He's still mad.
John Holmes,
Hathersfield.
P.S. You wouldn't have a spare air ticket on you to Outer Mongolia ?

No, but here's a pound, John, buy him a nosegay.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
When WHAM came out I thought : "Huh ! just another 'try-hard-get-no-where Brand X comic ' ('oop's, slip o' the tongue, **humph** I mean pen), then you brought out SMASH " W-e-e-ell," I thought, " This **is** a bit better than WHAM," then you guys in Power Land brought about the most **MARVEL**-lous milestone in the history of comicdom, in ish number sixteen of SMASH you featured the first chapter in the strange life of the Incredible Hulk, this was the best thing ever to happen to my dreary, dismal comic-reading life, but you did not stop there, you put the Fantastic Four in WHAM, which, of course, made it a much better comic in my point of view, time went by and then you brought out POW which had Spiderman and Nick Fury in it. A space of five weeks went by and FANTASTIC came out. This was the best yet and now we have TERRIFIC, a comic which mere mortal words cannot describe.
Philip D. Morris,
Bristol.
P.S. What does it feel like being the idols of all the powerpack people scattered all over England ?

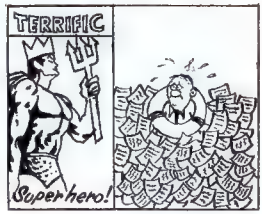
Feels pretty good.
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have been looking up all my science books and have found that every TERRIFIC has 1 ton of air pressure resting on it. A pound note ¼ ton, an envelope, ¼ ton and a stamp, 16 lbs.
Alan Sharp,
North Berwick, Scotland.

Heck, and we've been thinking that TERRIFIC is light reading !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
FANTASTIC is just great, **but TERRIFIC is terrible—especially Namor.** Why Why not replace this fairy tale character with DAREDEVIL ? Replace Strange with Captain America (I'm not desperate to replace Strange). But the Avengers are just great.
Andrew Hopen,
London, N.W.2.

No more Namor ? Ooboy, Andrew, you'll find yourself in deep water—we just have to wade through the TERRIFIC fan mail that rates the Sub-mariner the greatest super-hero ever !
Alf and Bart.



Dear Alf and Bart,
How could Prince Namor fight Krang, The X-Men and The Fantastic Four all at one time. I am asking this as I bought three comics the other weekend : WHAM, TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC, and Prince Namor appeared in them all.
Christopher McBryde,
Glasgow.

That's easy—we pay him over-time !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
This is a question concerning the first issue of TERRIFIC. What puzzles me is that when Captain America was chasing the drone, Bucky and he were in security guard uniform, but when he was discovered by the Sub-Mariner he was wearing his costume. But I still think your comic is terrific.
David Cough,
Plymouth, Devon.

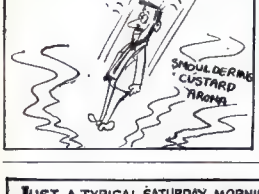
Puzzles us too, Dave—unless, of course, it was just another stupendous boob in the grandest tradition of POWER !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
What is as round as a marble, as deep as a cup, yet 25 fire-engines couldn't fill it up ?
Answer : A tea-strainer.
Malcolm Harding,
Leeds.

Unravel this one :
What's as high as a house, walks by itself and nobody goes near it ?
Answer : Bart's sock.
Alf.

Dear Alf and Bart,
What is the connection between the Power House and EAGLE ? I am also writing to EAGLE and the address is the same. When you put the copyright marks on your mags for marvel men, it looks like this : Reg. T. M. & (c) MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 1968. What does Reg. T. M. & (c) stand for ?
Are you going to bring out any more comics ? If so a good name would be No. 64. I spend just over 25 per cent. of my wages on Power mags and EAGLE and put 62.2 per cent. (10s.) in the Post Office. Yours Terristicamashowly.
Christopher R. Taffee, 13,
Greenford, Middx.
P.S. I'm Irish.
P.P.S. Pronounced Taf.
P.P.P.S. I still have EAGLE/BOY'S WORLD ordered.

The EAGLE nests on the roof of the garret, Chris, and even as we pen these words we can see a weather-worn pair of boots dangling outside the window as their chief Sub-editor prepares to jump headlong into a bird-bath full of smouldering custard. Pronounced crazy !
Reg. T. M. & (c) means : Registered trade mark and copyright.
Alf and Bart.



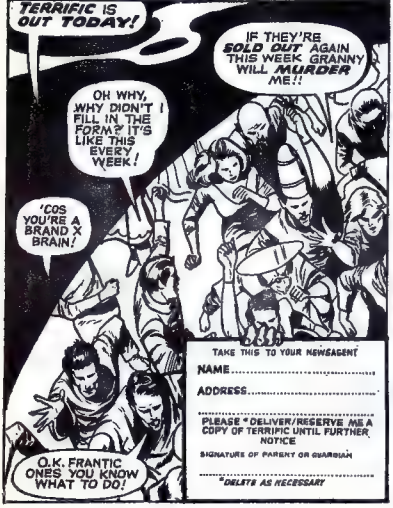
Dear Alf and Bart,
You've done it again, haven't you ? What a talented trio you two and Cos make ! Whose idea was it to put those marvellous " Avengers " summaries in TERRIFIC ? As the " Nerves " would say " GRATE " ! As for Doc. Strange, well, I've heard so much about his origin . . . well thanks for putting me out of my misery.
Please, lend an ear . . . or an eye . . . (Which I will return immediately) to two questions. Are the " Submariner " stories those from years back, which had Bill Everett illustrating ? And are the " Avengers " stories direct continuations of those in the Golden Days of SMASH ! when the last thing we saw was Captain America being officially enrolled and Rick Jones sitting on a rock thinking nostalgically about an extremely kind - looking Hulk contained in a " thought bubble " ? Harmless questions really. May your rings round your eyes go round in ever decreasing circles !
David Emmerson, 15,
Grimsby.
P.S. How do you make 2s. 6d. buy SMASH, WHAM, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC without cancelling one ? (POW is supplied from another source.)

Yes, the Avengers are a direct continuation from SMASH, David. The Submariner isn't early Everett, but we think he's better than he was then. As for your money problem the pound were sending should solve it for a while to come !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I thought perhaps readers would like to know the origin of the Submariner's small wings on his ankles and his enormous strength. Well, it happened like this. Back in the nineteen forties, when Namor was with his people, he was summoned to the king's throne room. The king, prompted by Namor's evil cousin, said that Namor had lost most of his powers because he had lived too long with the surface people. It seemed, however, Namor's people had a machine that would allow Namor to regain his powers. However, Namor's cousin had sabotaged the machine hoping to kill Namor, and so giving himself the position next in line to the throne. When Namor stepped into the machine it went haywire and eventually there was an explosion. But Namor was not killed and when he stepped out of the machine tiny wings had sprouted on his ankles and his strength had grown enormously. And to end this letter only two words can be said . . . IMPERIUS REX !
William S. Francis,
Bathgate,
West Lothian, Scotland.

And with that information ringing in our ears we flap our own wings and sink into the west till next ish.
Alf and Bart.

Have your name written with the immortals—Put pen to paper and drop a line to the garret.



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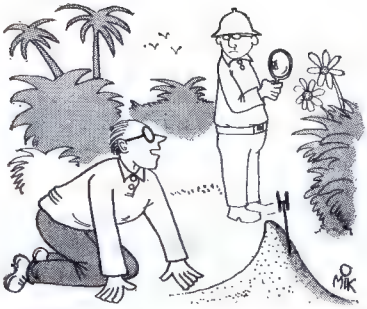
FRANTIC FUN

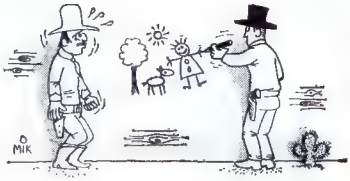


"Will you take a look at this ant hill, Professor ?"

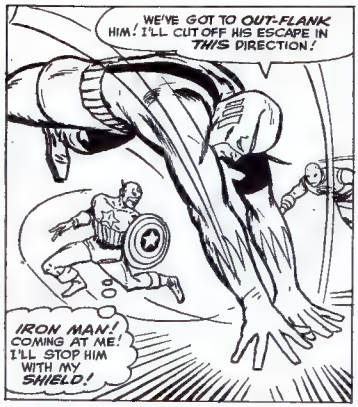
"Well, there's some colour coming back into your cheeks—a sickly yellow !"

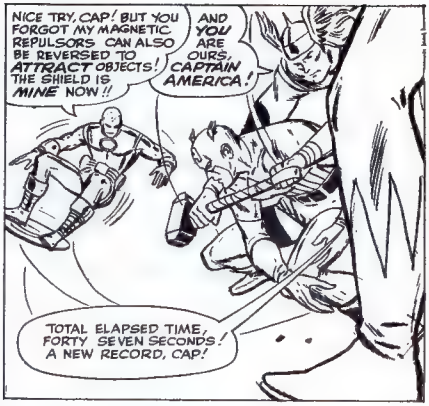
"Are you taking me to the Knight Club tonight?"

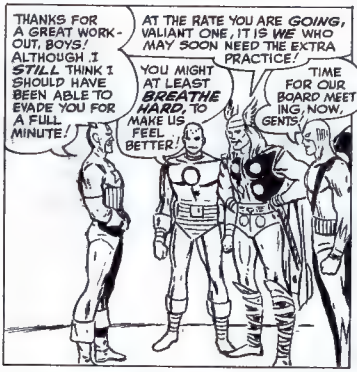
"DRAW !"



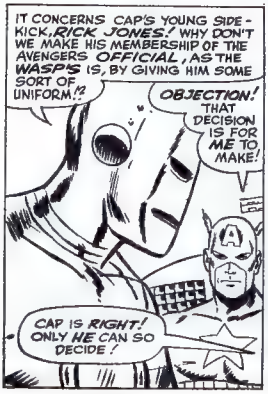
"The AVENGERS BREAK UP!"
Featuring: THE INCREDIBLE, THE INCONCEIVABLE, THE INCALCULABLE MENACE OF... IMMORTUS!
CONFOUND IT! I MISSED HIM!
HIS SPEED IS UN-BELIEVABLE FOR ONE WITH NO SUPER-POWERS!
CAN'T USE MY REPULSORS AGAINST HIM WITHOUT WRECKING THE WHOLE PLACE!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964


WE'VE GOT TO OUT-FLANK HIM! I'LL CUT OFF HIS ESCAPE IN THIS DIRECTION!
IRON MAN! COMING AT ME! I'LL STOP HIM WITH MY SHIELD!


NICE TRY, CAP! BUT YOU FORGOT MY MAGNETIC REPULSORS CAN ALSO BE REVERSED TO ATTRACT OBJECTS! THE SHIELD IS MINE NOW!!
AND YOU ARE OURS, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
TOTAL ELAPSED TIME, FORTY SEVEN SECONDS! A NEW RECORD, CAP!


THANKS FOR A GREAT WORK-OUT, BOYS! ALTHOUGH I STILL THINK I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO EVADE YOU FOR A FULL MINUTE!
AT THE RATE YOU ARE GOING, VALIANT ONE, IT IS WE WHO MAY SOON NEED THE EXTRA PRACTICE!
YOU MIGHT AT LEAST BREATHE HARD, TO MAKE US FEEL BETTER!
TIME FOR OUR BOARD MEETING, NOW, GENTS!

AS CHAIRMAN OF THIS WEEK'S MEETING, I ASK IF THERE ARE ANY MATTERS TO BE THROWN BEFORE THE BOARD ?! GIANT-MAN ?
I HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS, THOR!
I YIELD THE FLOOR TO THE GOLDEN AVENGER! OUR TRANSISTOR-POWERED FRIEND SEEMS TO HAVE SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!

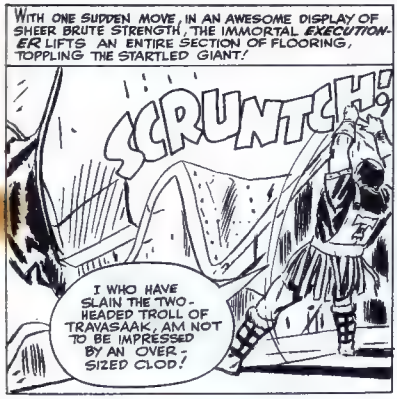

IT CONCERNS CAP'S YOUNG SIDE-KICK, RICK JONES! WHY DON'T WE MAKE HIS MEMBERSHIP OF THE AVENGERS OFFICIAL, AS THE WASP'S IS, BY GIVING HIM SOME SORT OF UNIFORM!?
OBJECTION! THAT DECISION IS FOR ME TO MAKE!
CAP IS RIGHT! ONLY HE CAN SO DECIDE!

THEN, AFTER THE MEETING HAS ENDED...
I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING, CAP! DOES IT MEAN THAT THERE'S A CHANCE ??!
DON'T PRESS ME FOR AN ANSWER, NOW, LAD! I MUST HAVE MORE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT! THERE IS MUCH TO CONSIDER!

I STILL CARRY WITH ME THE GUILT OF BUCKY BARNES' TRAGIC DEATH! I FEAR NO FOE THAT LIVES OR BREATHES... BUT I COULD NOT BEAR EVER AGAIN TO LOSE A PARTNER... A BOY WHO HAD NOT YET FULLY TASTED LIFE!
WE WILL SPEAK OF IT... ANOTHER TIME!

BUT NOW, LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A STRANGE, HEAVILY FORTIFIED CASTLE, HIDDEN DEEP WITHIN THE AMAZON JUNGLES. FOR, WHAT WILL SOON TRANSPIRE HERE IS ABOUT TO HAVE A GREAT BEARING UPON THE LIVES OF THE MIGHTY AVENGERS...
I WILL NEVER REST UNTIL THE AVENGERS ARE DESTROYED! AND YET, THEY HAVE DEFEATED US EVERY TIME WE FOUGHT IN THE PAST!
E.H.! IF A VENGEFUL ODIN HAD NOT TAKEN SOME OF OUR POWERS FROM US,* THE EN-CHANTRESS AND I COULD HAVE BEATEN THEM ALL WITH EASE, ZEMO!
"IFS" DO NOT WIN BATTLES, EXECUTIONER! WHAT WE NEED IS ANOTHER ALLY... SOMEONE AS POWERFUL AS WE!
*AS SHOWN IN TERRIFIC 3. ED.
WE TRIED THAT ONLY LAST WEEK, WITH WONDER MAN, AND SEE HOW WE FAILED! WAIT! WHAT IS THIS STRANGE SENSATION...? MY BRAIN SEEMS TO HEAR A CALL!
BREAK CONTACT! IT MAY BE A TRAP!
I..I CANNOT! THE MENTAL PROBE IS TOO STRONG! IT IS COMING FROM... A DIFFERENT TIME... ANOTHER AGE!
NEVER HAVE I FELT SUCH SHEER MENTAL POWER... IT COMES CLOSER... CLOSER...!
BE ON GUARD, EXECUTIONER!
I AM ALWAYS ON GUARD!
AND THEN, SLOWLY, MAJESTICALLY, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE EVIL TRIO, A FIGURE APPEARS...
WHOEVER YOU ARE... WHATEVER YOUR MISSION... KNOW YOU THAT YOU FACE ZEMO AND THE MASTERS OF EVIL!
STAND ASIDE, FEMALE! I SHALL VANQUISH THE INTRUDER WITH ONE MORTAL BLOW!
WAIT! LET HIM SPEAK! WE CAN ALWAYS ATTACK!
YOU STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF IMMORTUS!

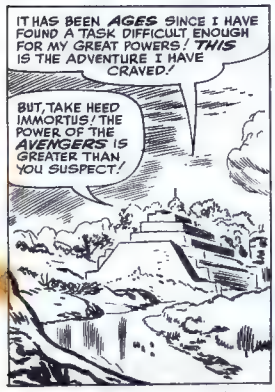
*WHAT? NEVER HEARD OF PAUL BUNYAN—ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS GIANTS IN LEGEND? ED.


WITH ONE SUDDEN MOVE, IN AN AWESOME DISPLAY OF SHEER BRUTE STRENGTH, THE IMMORTAL EXECUTIONER LIFTS AN ENTIRE SECTION OF FLOORING, TOPPLING THE STARTLED GIANT!
SCRUNTCH!
I WHO HAVE SLAIN THE TWO-HEADED TROLL OF TRAVASAAK, AM NOT TO BE IMPRESSED BY AN OVER-SIZED CLOD!

BUT, THE TOWERING GIANT IS NOT TO BE STOPPED! LIKE A MAN SWATTING A FLY, HE TRIES TO STILL THE BATTLING FIGURE OF HIS DIMINUTIVE FOE!
HE SEEKS TO CRUSH ME LIKE AN INSECT! BUT I MUST COUNTER HIS EVERY DEADLY MOVE!

IF I CANNOT CRUSH YOU INTO DEFEAT...
..I'LL TEAR THIS ENTIRE PUNY DOLL'S HOUSE DOWN AROUND YOUR EARS!!
I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH, IMMORTUS! STOP HIM BEFORE HE WRECKS MY CASTLE!

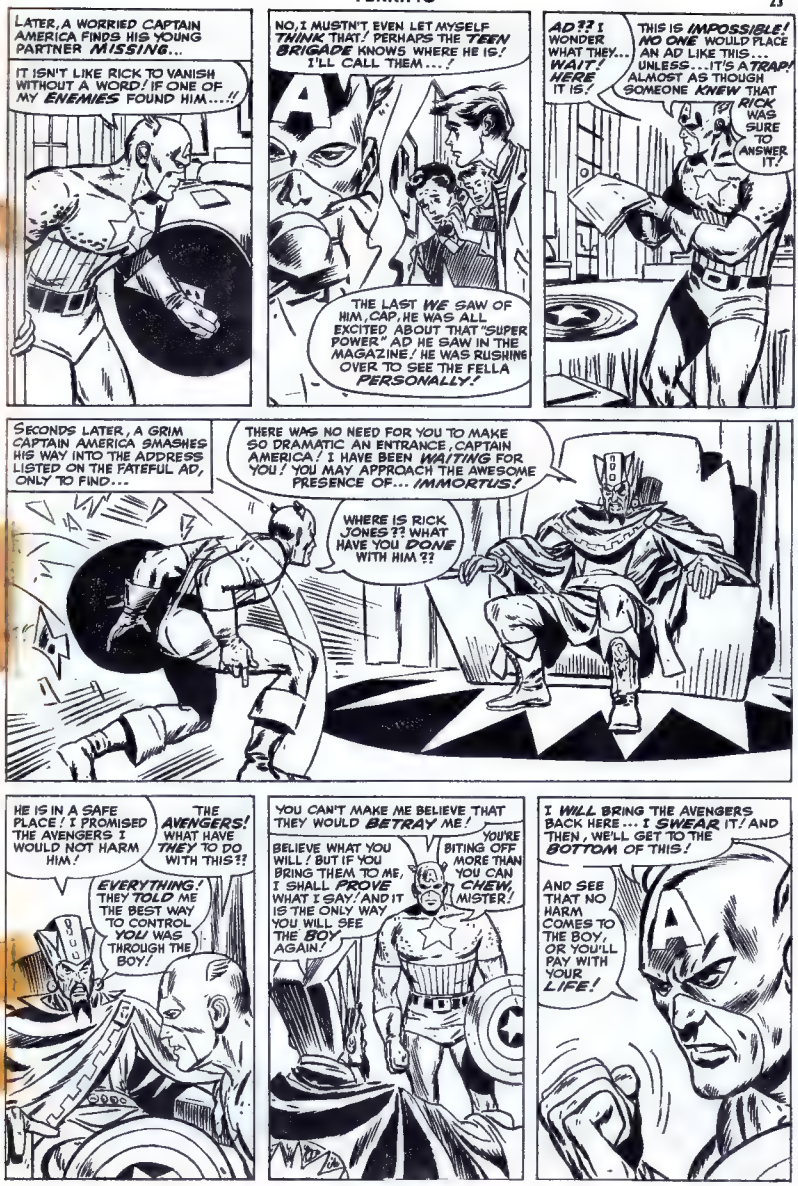
WITH ONE REGAL GESTURE, THE MYSTERIOUS LORD OF LIMBO CAUSES THE TITANIC FIGURE TO VANISH! AND THEN...
YOU HAVE PROVEN YOUR POWER! BUT YOU MUST ALSO PROVE YOUR LOYALTY! BEFORE WE ACCEPT YOU AS ONE OF US...
...YOU MUST PERFORM A TASK! I ORDER YOU TO DESTROY ONE OF THE AVENGERS!
I ACCEPT, WITH GLEE!


IT HAS BEEN AGES SINCE I HAVE FOUND A TASK DIFFICULT ENOUGH FOR MY GREAT POWERS! THIS IS THE ADVENTURE I HAVE CRAVED!
BUT, TAKE HEED IMMORTUS! THE POWER OF THE AVENGERS IS GREATER THAN YOU SUSPECT!

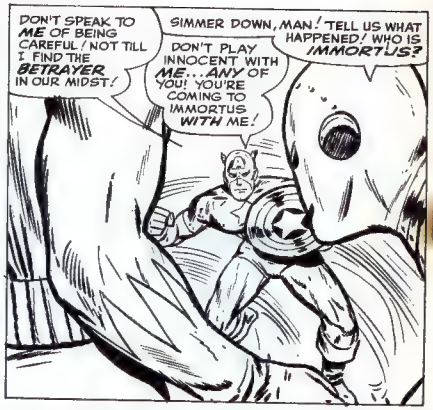
NONSENSE! YOU FORGET... I HAVE BEEN OBSERVING THEM! NOT ONLY SHALL I DEFEAT ONE... I SHALL DESTROY THEM ALL!!
AND NOW... FAREWELL!
HE'S FADING AWAY... RETURNING TO ANOTHER TIME... ANOTHER SEGMENT OF ETERNITY!

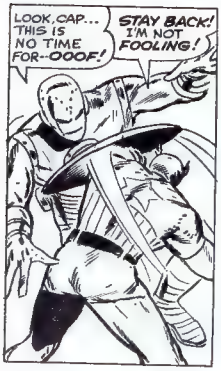
I STILL DO NOT TRUST HIM, ZEMO!
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? THIS TIME WE RISK NOTHING! IF HE FAILS, WE'RE NO WORSE OFF... BUT IF HE SUCCEEDS, WE'VE LOST AN ENEMY!

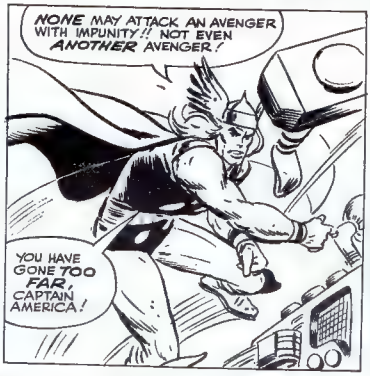
AND NOW, LET US TURN TO RICK JONES ONCE AGAIN, AS HE OCCUPIES HIMSELF WITH SOME TEEN BRIGADE COMPANIONS...
SAY, RICK! DID YOU SEE THE JAZZY NEW AD ON THE BACK COVER OF SOME OF THE NEW COMICS!?
NO, BILL! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
SEE FOR YOURSELF, PAL! IT'S THE COOLEST!
WOW! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! AND YET... IT COULD BE THE ONE WAY THE AVENGERS WOULD HAVE TO ACCEPT ME!
YOU CAN OBTAIN SUPER POWERS!
SEND NO MONEY! OFFER LIMITED!
I WON'T EVEN BOTHER, WITH THE COUPON! I'LL GO TO THE ADDRESS IN PERSON... RIGHT AWAY!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
COME IN, RICK JONES!
THANK YOU! B-BUT... HOW DID YOU KNOW MY NAME?
I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU! IT WAS TO BRING YOU THAT I PLACED THAT AD!
ME? I DON'T GET IT!
YOU ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO "GET" IT!
YOU ARE MERELY A PAWN... IN A MUCH LARGER GAME!
SEIZE HIM, ATTILA!
ATTILA? ATTILA THE HUN! WHAT IS THIS?!
IT IS THE COMMAND OF IMMORTUS! THAT IS ENOUGH!
I MAY NOT UNDERSTAND ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S HAPPENING HERE... BUT A GOOD FIGHT IS SOMETHING I DO DIG!!
THE BOY FIGHTS WITH THE FURY OF A TRUE HUN!
DON'T STOP TO ADMIRE HIM, YOU FOOL! HE MUST BE CAPTURED!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, IMMORTUS! NONE SPEAK THUS TO ATTILA!
SAVAGE ONE, YOUR SENSITIVITY MEANS NOTHING TO ME! TAKE HIM TO THE TOWER OF LONDON, IN THE YEAR 1360, TO AWAIT MY FURTHER PLEASURE!
HOLY SMOKE! I MUST BE STUCK WITH A COUPLE OF MENTAL CASES!
SILENCE! YOU KNOW NOT HOW GREAT IS YOUR PERIL!
THEN, IN MERELY THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT WHEN CAP HEARS ABOUT IT...!
THEN HE SHALL BOW TO IMMORTUS, EXACTLY AS PLANNED!
AND SO, A DAZED, LONELY LAD WAITS IN A HIGH TOWER, IN 14TH CENTURY LONDON! WAITS... FOR WHAT??
IT'S ALL PART OF SOME CRAZY SCHEME TO DEFEAT THE AVENGERS! AND I CAN'T EVEN WARN THEM, NO ONE CAN!


LATER, A WORRIED CAPTAIN AMERICA FINDS HIS YOUNG PARTNER MISSING...
IT ISN'T LIKE RICK TO VANISH WITHOUT A WORD! IF ONE OF MY ENEMIES FOUND HIM....!!
NO, I MUSTN'T, EVEN LET MYSELF THINK THAT! PERHAPS THE TEEN BRIGADE KNOWS WHERE HE IS! I'LL CALL THEM...!
THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM, CAP, HE WAS ALL EXCITED ABOUT THAT "SUPER POWER" AD HE SAW IN THE MAGAZINE! HE WAS RUSHING OVER TO SEE THE FELLA PERSONALLY!
AD?? I WONDER WHAT THEY... WAIT! HERE IT IS!
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! NO ONE WOULD PLACE AN AD LIKE THIS... UNLESS...IT'S A TRAP! ALMOST AS THOUGH SOMEONE KNEW THAT RICK WAS SURE TO ANSWER IT!
SECONDS LATER, A GRIM CAPTAIN AMERICA SMASHES HIS WAY INTO THE ADDRESS LISTED ON THE FATEFUL AD, ONLY TO FIND...
THERE WAS NO NEED FOR YOU TO MAKE SO DRAMATIC AN ENTRANCE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! YOU MAY APPROACH THE AWESOME PRESENCE OF... IMMORTUS!
WHERE IS RICK JONES?? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH HIM??
HE IS IN A SAFE PLACE! I PROMISED THE AVENGERS I WOULD NOT HARM HIM!
THE AVENGERS! WHAT HAVE THEY TO DO WITH THIS??
EVERYTHING! THEY TOLD ME THE BEST WAY TO CONTROL YOU WAS THROUGH THE BOY!
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT THEY WOULD BETRAY ME!
YOU'RE BITING OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, MISTER!
BELIEVE WHAT YOU WILL! BUT IF YOU BRING THEM TO ME, I SHALL PROVE WHAT I SAY! AND IT IS THE ONLY WAY YOU WILL SEE THE BOY AGAIN!
I WILL BRING THE AVENGERS BACK HERE... I SWEAR IT! AND THEN, WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!
AND SEE THAT NO HARM COMES TO THE BOY, OR YOU'LL PAY WITH YOUR LIFE!

SCANT MINUTES LATER...
WHICH ONE OF YOU DELIVERED RICK JONES TO IMMORTUS?
CAP! WHAT'S THE IDEA??
CAREFUL WITH THAT SHIELD, AVENGER!


DON'T SPEAK TO ME OF BEING CAREFUL / NOT TILL I FIND THE BETRAYER IN OUR MIDST!
SIMMER DOWN, MAN! TELL US WHAT HAPPENED! WHO IS IMMORTUS?
DON'T PLAY INNOCENT WITH ME... ANY OF YOU! YOU'RE COMING TO IMMORTUS WITH ME!


LOOK, CAP... THIS IS NO TIME FOR--OOOF!
STAY BACK! I'M NOT FOOLING!


NONE MAY ATTACK AN AVENGER WITH IMPUNITY!! NOT EVEN ANOTHER AVENGER!
YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

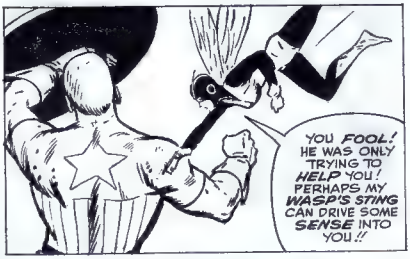
CLANG!
THIS TIME YOU'RE WRONG, THOR! I HAVEN'T GONE FAR ENOUGH!

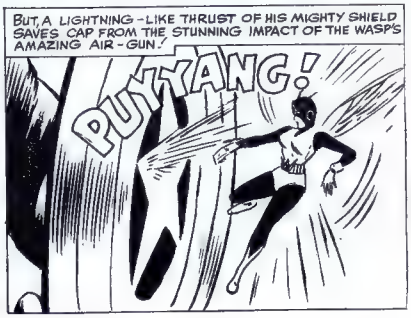
YOU DIDN'T WANT RICK TO BECOME A FULL-FLEDGED AVENGER... AND SO YOU DELIVERED HIM TO IMMORTUS! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!!
NEVER AGAIN WILL A TEEN-AGE BOY COME TO HARM IF I CAN HELP IT!! NEVER!!
HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE WHAT HE'S DOING!
HE THINKS WE'VE BETRAYED THE BOY! WE'VE GOT TO REASON WITH HIM!

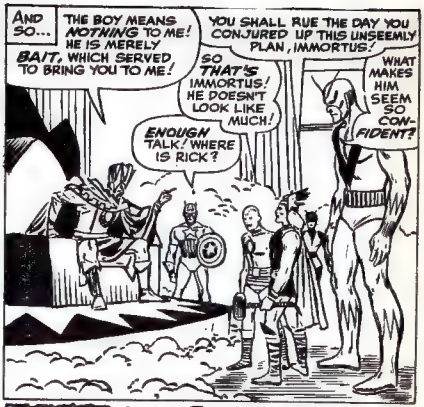
CA?, LISTEN TO ME! ALL WE WANT TO DO IS... WAIT! LOOK OUT! THE FUMES ARE BLINDING ME...!!
THEN, AS IRON MAN TRIES TO SPEAK, CAP GRABS A CHEMICAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND...
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE INJURES ONE OF US!

NO! STAY BACK! THIS ISN'T THE WAY! WE'VE GOT TO HUMOUR HIM!
WE MUST LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO TURN HIM INTO SUCH A RAGING FIREBRAND!

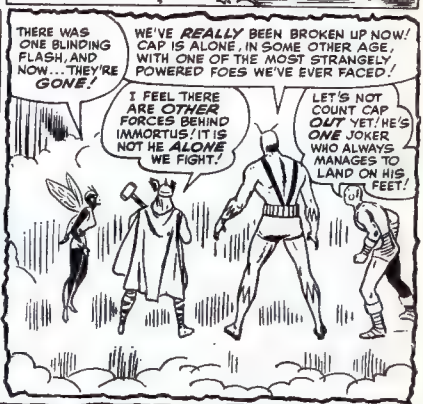
BUT, EVEN AS GIANT-MAN TRIES TO HOLD BACK THE OTHERS, THE DYNAMIC AVENGER SENDS HIM FLYING INTO HIS FELLOWS...!
IT'S TOO LATE FOR TALK! I'M TAKING YOU ALL TO IMMORTUS!


YOU FOOL! HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU! PERHAPS MY WASP'S STING CAN DRIVE SOME SENSE INTO YOU!!


BUT, A LIGHTNING-LIKE THRUST OF HIS MIGHTY SHIELD SAVES CAP FROM THE STUNNING IMPACT OF THE WASP'S AMAZING AIR-GUN!
PUIYANG!



AND THERE, FRANTIC ONES, WE TAKE OUR LEAVE OF THE *MIGHTY AVENGERS* FOR THIS WEEK. BUT JUST TO IMPRESS UPON YOUR HULK-LIKE BRAINS THE TIME-JUMPING POWERS OF IMMORTUS— JUMP TIME YOURSELVES AND TAKE A PEEP INTO NEXT WEEK...



news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

SHEEEEESW ! If a long breath of warm air recently swept around the British Isles it was us giving vent to a long, long sigh of relief. Remember how we told you that our printers, St. Clements Press, were going out of the magazine printing business and we had to find a new printer or go out of business ourselves ? If you've been lying awake at nights with the worry of it all (as all true Power People should have been doing !) you can now relax ! No longer are these Sceptred Isles of ours threatened with a POWER-less future. Spiderman, Thor, Prince Namor, the Incredible Hulk, The Fantastic Four and all our other lovable lads will continue to brighten the world for all True Believers. Because we've been rescued by Southernprint Limited of Branksome, Poole, Dorset, who are taking over the printing of our peerless papers as from the issues which will be on sale on Saturday, 8th July. Fear not. The printer may change, but the garret gang are exactly the same as ever—completely insane !

Here's an item that could have such earth-shattering consequences that we daren't even think about it. In this week's TERRIFIC the world-famous Avengers' team announce that they're breaking up ! As if the world isn't enough in trouble as it is.

We never could keep a secret, so we've just got to tell you that we've finally decided which of our merry mags is to be honoured by the pulsating presence of Dare-Devil, the super-hero for whom so many of you have been clamouring for so long. Old D-D will be appearing in SMASH, and his first adventure will take place a few weeks from now. We're sorry if you Dare-Devil fans are going to find the waiting hard, but we know how you like to be kept informed.

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS . . .

Richard Cox, Helston, Cornwall ; Stephen Dawson, Billingham, Co. Durham ; Peter Reynolds, Upminster, Essex ; Graham Hull, Paignton, Devon ; David Collins, Wokingham, Berkshire ; Neil Clinton, Sidcup, Kent ; Ian Buchan, Glasgow, Scotland ; Geoffrey Glancy, Liverpool 19 ; Michael Conolli, Hayes, Middx ; Richard Jermy, Chichester, Sussex ; Naweed Zafar, Birmingham ; David Bowman, Blackpool, Lancashire ; John Bartley, Slough, Bucks ; Paul Cornforth, Northallerton, Yorkshire ; David Rimmer, Dublin, Ireland ; Anthony Magee, Belfast, Ireland ; David Smith, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey ; Thomas Prior, Kirkdale, Liverpool ; Rosemary Allen, Morden, Surrey ; Colin Mitchell, Shedfield, Hants.

ODD SPORTS

CRICKET WITH A BITE !

ON one occasion the great Doctor Grace himself made a contribution to the brighter cricket movement when he and his cocker-spaniel played the St. George's eleven at Bristol. Grace won the toss and sent St. George in to bat.

W. G. then bowled and his spaniel fielded. Three of the batsmen were clean-bowled, four were caught out when the spaniel snapped up the ball, and the rest of the side were run out. The losers scored 68 runs.

Then the Doctor went in to bat and played such havoc with the bowling that he had made 347 when bad light ended play and won him the match. The spaniel did not have to bat !

Sea Stopped Play

Several times cricket matches have been played on the treacherous Goodwin Sands, graveyard of many a good ship, which lie about five miles off the Kent coast. Play can take place only at low

tide, when a stretch of sand about 100 yards long by 50 yards wide is dry enough to form a pitch.

The sides are usually made from members of the Ramsgate Football Club captained by the Mayor of Ramsgate and a fisherman eleven skippered by the coxswain of the Ramsgate Lifeboat. Spectators watch from rowing boats anchored off the pitch.

The wet sand of the pitch makes the getting of runs heavy going and batsmen concentrate on mighty swipes that send the ball into the sea for six. Bowling is a nightmare, for unless the bowler pitches the ball to land within exact reach of the batsman it sinks into the sand and is "no ball."

A batsman considers himself lucky if he can hit one ball in a couple of overs.

The last match held on the Goodwins ended when a sudden storm blew up and swept the sea over the pitch. So sea stopped play !

They Put Themselves Out

One of the craziest cricket matches in the history of the game was played recently at Brisbane, when the fielding side deliberately dropped catches, and the batsmen retaliated by knocking down their own wickets.

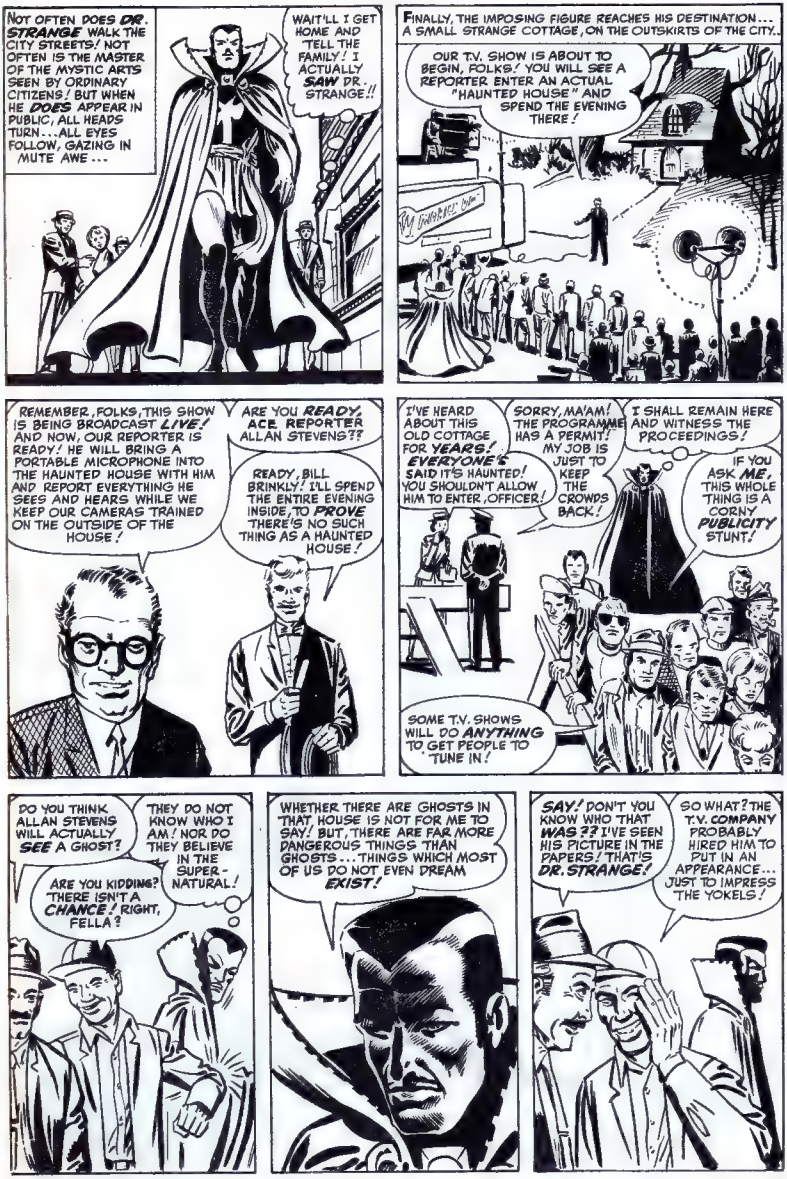
The match, between Toombul and Brisbane Northern Suburbs started on perfectly orthodox lines. It was only when it looked as if Northern Suburbs would have to bat again in failing light, that the game was brightened up.

Northern Suburbs had been all-out for 53 in their first innings. Then Toombul, batting on an improved wicket, lost eight wickets. Suddenly the sky became overcast, and with the bad light it looked as if Northern Suburbs might spin out the game to a draw.

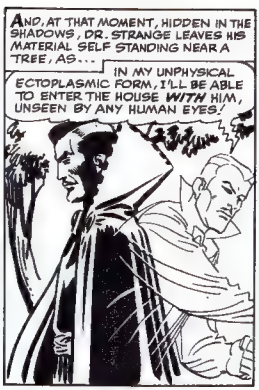
So the bowlers began to bowl wide of the wicket, runouts were not attempted, and the fielders dropped their catches. After about ten minutes of this farce, the Toombul batsmen met cunning with cunning and broke their wickets.

All this so infuriated the spectators that they invaded the pitch and attacked players and umpires. The fight developed into a riot, and it took 100 policemen over an hour to clear the pitch.

Dr. STRANGE MASTER of the MYSTIC ARTS!


NOT OFTEN DOES DR. STRANGE WALK THE CITY STREETS! NOT OFTEN IS THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS SEEN BY ORDINARY CITIZENS! BUT WHEN HE DOES APPEAR IN PUBLIC, ALL HEADS TURN...ALL EYES FOLLOW, GAZING IN MUTE AWE...
WAIT'LL I GET HOME AND TELL THE FAMILY! I ACTUALLY SAW DR. STRANGE!!
FINALLY, THE IMPOSING FIGURE REACHES HIS DESTINATION... A SMALL STRANGE COTTAGE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY..
OUR T.V. SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN, FOLKS! YOU WILL SEE A REPORTER ENTER AN ACTUAL "HAUNTED HOUSE" AND SPEND THE EVENING THERE!
REMEMBER, FOLKS, THIS SHOW IS BEING BROADCAST LIVE! AND NOW, OUR REPORTER IS READY! HE WILL BRING A PORTABLE MICROPHONE INTO THE HAUNTED HOUSE WITH HIM AND REPORT EVERYTHING HE SEES AND HEARS WHILE WE KEEP OUR CAMERAS TRAINED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE!
ARE YOU READY, ACE REPORTER ALLAN STEVENS??
READY, BILL BRINKLY! I'LL SPEND THE ENTIRE EVENING INSIDE, TO PROVE THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A HAUNTED HOUSE!
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THIS OLD COTTAGE FOR YEARS! EVERYONE'S SAID IT'S HAUNTED! YOU SHOULDN'T ALLOW HIM TO ENTER, OFFICER!
SORRY, MA'AM! THE PROGRAMME HAS A PERMIT! MY JOB IS JUST TO KEEP THE CROWDS BACK!
I SHALL REMAIN HERE AND WITNESS THE PROCEEDINGS!
IF YOU ASK ME, THIS WHOLE THING IS A CORNY PUBLICITY STUNT!
SOME T.V. SHOWS WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET PEOPLE TO TUNE IN!
DO YOU THINK ALLAN STEVENS WILL ACTUALLY SEE A GHOST?
THEY DO NOT KNOW WHO I AM! NOR DO THEY BELIEVE IN THE SUPER-NATURAL!
ARE YOU KIDDING? THERE ISN'T A CHANCE! RIGHT, FELLA?
WHETHER THERE ARE GHOSTS IN THAT HOUSE IS NOT FOR ME TO SAY! BUT, THERE ARE FAR MORE DANGEROUS THINGS THAN GHOSTS...THINGS WHICH MOST OF US DO NOT EVEN DREAM EXIST!
SAY! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT WAS?? I'VE SEEN HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS! THAT'S DR. STRANGE!
SO WHAT? THE T.V. COMPANY PROBABLY HIRED HIM TO PUT IN AN APPEARANCE... JUST TO IMPRESS THE YOKELS!

THERE HE GOES, FOLKS! OUR FEARLESS, INTREPID REPORTER, ALLAN STEVENS, IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE HAUNTED HOUSE!

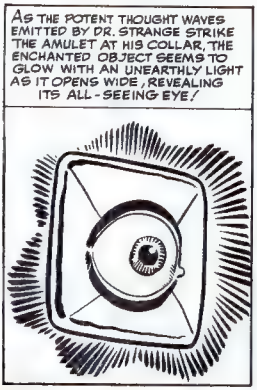

AND, AT THAT MOMENT, HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, DR. STRANGE LEAVES HIS MATERIAL SELF STANDING NEAR A TREE, AS...
IN MY UNPHYSICAL ECTOPLASMIC FORM, I'LL BE ABLE TO ENTER THE HOUSE WITH HIM, UNSEEN BY ANY HUMAN EYES!

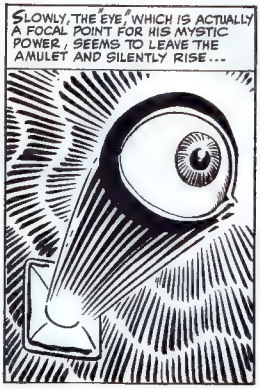
SOMETHING IS AMISS HERE! I CANNOT ENTER... EVEN THOUGH I AM NOT IN A SOLID FORM!

TRY AS I MAY, I CANNOT PENETRATE THE INVISIBLE BARRIER WHICH SURROUNDS THIS HOUSE! IT IS HOPELESS! I MUST TRY ANOTHER METHOD!

I SHALL RETURN TO MY PHYSICAL SELF! IT IS MOST FORTUNATE THAT I DECIDED TO OBSERVE THIS EVENT! I AM CERTAIN NOW THAT SUPER-NATURAL FORCES ARE TRULY INVOLVED!

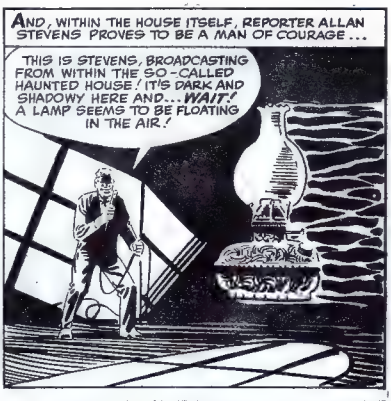
WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, MY MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IS MY ENCHANTED AMULET! AND SO I MUST CALL ON IT AGAIN! I MUST CONCENTRATE... CONCENTRATE...


AS THE POTENT THOUGHT WAVES EMITTED BY DR. STRANGE STRIKE THE AMULET AT HIS COLLAR, THE ENCHANTED OBJECT SEEMS TO GLOW WITH AN UNEARTHLY LIGHT AS IT OPENS WIDE, REVEALING ITS ALL-SEEING EYE!


SLOWLY, THE EYE, WHICH IS ACTUALLY A FOCAL POINT FOR HIS MYSTIC POWER, SEEMS TO LEAVE THE AMULET AND SILENTLY RISE...

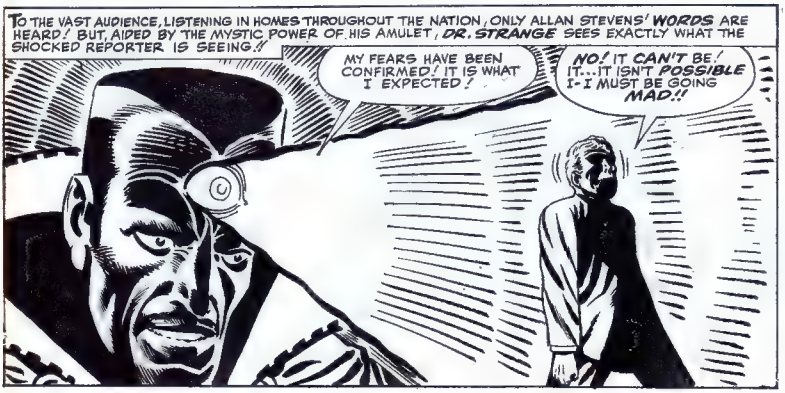
...UNTIL IT COMES TO REST ON THE BROW OF THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!!
AND NOW I AM READY ONCE AGAIN!

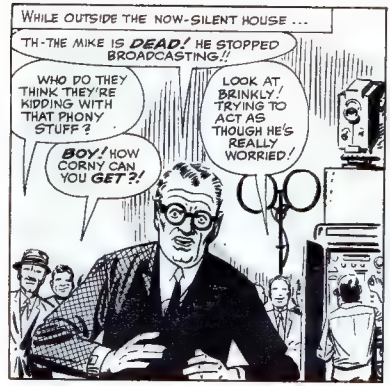
THROUGH THE MAGIC OF MY ALL-SEEING EYE, I CAN NOW FOLLOW THE PROGRESS OF THE MAN WHO HAS DARED TO ENTER THE OMINOUS HOUSE!

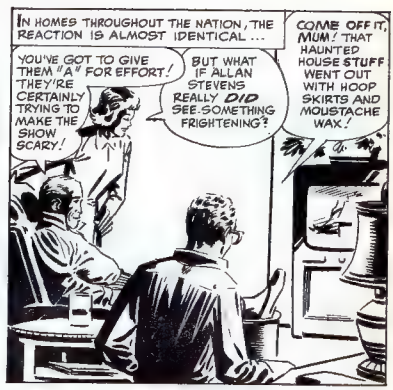

AND, WITHIN THE HOUSE ITSELF, REPORTER ALLAN STEVENS PROVES TO BE A MAN OF COURAGE...
THIS IS STEVENS, BROADCASTING FROM WITHIN THE SO-CALLED HAUNTED HOUSE! IT'S DARK AND SHADOWY HERE AND... WAIT! A LAMP SEEMS TO BE FLOATING IN THE AIR!

AND STRANGE MISTS SEEM TO BE SWIRLING IN AND OUT OF THE GLOOMY WALLS!
BUT ALL THESE THINGS CAN BE CHALKED UP TO THE BAD LIGHTING AND MY OWN IMAGINATION! ACTUALLY, IT IS JUST A MUSTY, DESERTED HOUSE... WITH NO SIGN OF ANYTHING REALLY SUPERNATURAL YET!

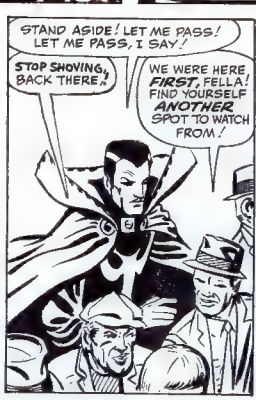
I HOPE MY VOICE IS COMING TO YOU CLEARLY THROUGH MY PORTABLE MIKE, FOLKS! I SHALL CONTINUE TO REPORT EVERYTHING I SEE AND HEAR UNTIL... UNTIL... OH, NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!!


TO THE VAST AUDIENCE, LISTENING IN HOMES THROUGHOUT THE NATION, ONLY ALLAN STEVENS' WORDS ARE HEARD! BUT, AIDED BY THE MYSTIC POWER OF HIS AMULET, DR. STRANGE SEES EXACTLY WHAT THE SHOCKED REPORTER IS SEEING!!
MY FEARS HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED! IT IS WHAT I EXPECTED!
NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT... IT ISN'T POSSIBLE I-I MUST BE GOING MAD!!


WHILE OUTSIDE THE NOW-SILENT HOUSE ...
TH-THE MIKE IS DEAD! HE STOPPED BROADCASTING!!
WHO DO THEY THINK THEY'RE KIDDING WITH THAT PHONY STUFF?
LOOK AT BRINKLY! TRYING TO ACT AS THOUGH HE'S REALLY WORRIED!
BOY! HOW CORNY CAN YOU GET?!


IN HOMES THROUGHOUT THE NATION, THE REACTION IS ALMOST IDENTICAL ...
YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM "A" FOR EFFORT! THEY'RE CERTAINLY TRYING TO MAKE THE SHOW SCARY!
BUT WHAT IF ALLAN STEVENS REALLY DID SEE SOMETHING FRIGHTENING?
COME OFF IT, MUM! THAT HAUNTED HOUSE STUFF WENT OUT WITH HOOP SKIRTS AND MOUSTACHE WAX!

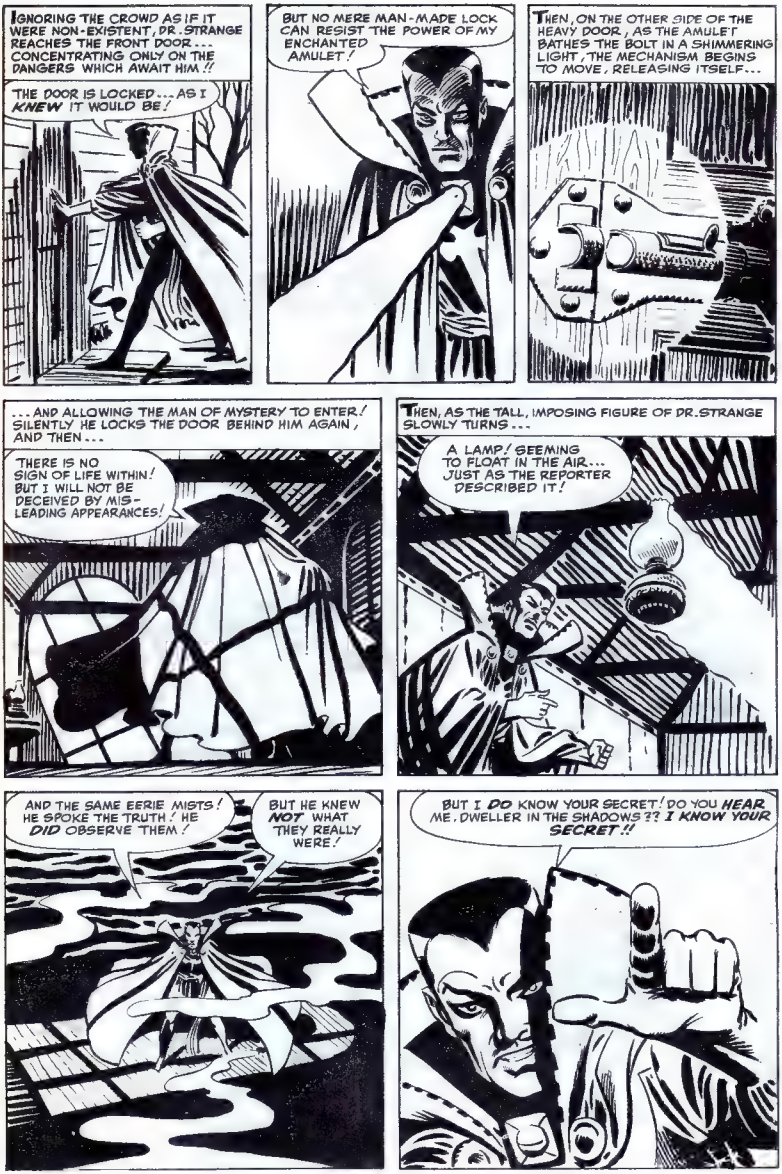
BUT ONE THERE IS WHO DOES NOT SCOFF!
I CAN DELAY NO LONGER! I MUST ENTER THE HOUSE NOW! I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!


STAND ASIDE! LET ME PASS! LET ME PASS, I SAY!
STOP SHOVING, BACK THERE!
WE WERE HERE FIRST, FELLA! FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER SPOT TO WATCH FROM!

SO BE IT! I HAVE NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS! I SUMMON THE SPELLS OF THE OMNI-POTENT OSHTUR!

SUDDENLY, THE CROWD PARTS AS IF GENTLY FORCED ASIDE BY GIANT INVISIBLE HANDS ... HANDS WHICH CAN BE RESISTED BY NO MORTAL POWER! AND THEN ...
I..I'M BEING PUSHED BACK!
I HAVE NOT THE PATIENCE TO BE FRUSTRATED BY AN INSOLENT CROWD! MY TASK IS BEFORE ME!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

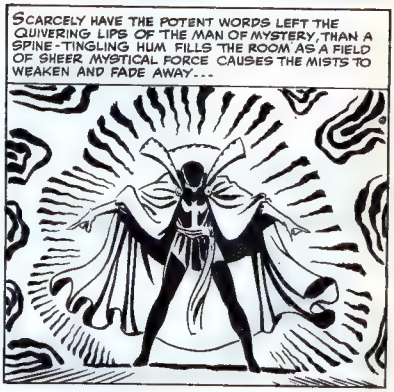
LOOK! IT'S DR. STRANGE! HE'S PUSHING EVERYBODY OUT OF HIS WAY... WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING THEM!
HOLD IT, MISTER! NO STRANGERS ALLOWED IN THERE WHILE WE'RE ON T.V.!
HUH? I... I'M FLOATING IN THE AIR! HOW???


IGNORING THE CROWD AS IF IT WERE NON-EXISTENT, DR. STRANGE REACHES THE FRONT DOOR... CONCENTRATING ONLY ON THE DANGERS WHICH AWAIT HIM!!
THE DOOR IS LOCKED... AS I KNEW IT WOULD BE!
BUT NO MERE MAN-MADE LOCK CAN RESIST THE POWER OF MY ENCHANTED AMULET!
THEN, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEAVY DOOR, AS THE AMULET BATHES THE BOLT IN A SHIMMERING LIGHT, THE MECHANISM BEGINS TO MOVE, RELEASING ITSELF...
...AND ALLOWING THE MAN OF MYSTERY TO ENTER! SILENTLY HE LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AGAIN, AND THEN...
THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE WITHIN! BUT I WILL NOT BE DECEIVED BY MIS-LEADING APPEARANCES!
THEN, AS THE TALL, IMPOSING FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE SLOWLY TURNS...
A LAMP! SEEMING TO FLOAT IN THE AIR... JUST AS THE REPORTER DESCRIBED IT!
AND THE SAME EERIE MISTS! HE SPOKE THE TRUTH! HE DID OBSERVE THEM!
BUT HE KNEW NOT WHAT THEY REALLY WERE!
BUT I DO KNOW YOUR SECRET! DO YOU HEAR ME, DWELLER IN THE SHADOWS?? I KNOW YOUR SECRET!!

THOUGH YOU CAUSE THE MISTS TO SLOWLY SWIRL AROUND ME ... TO TAKE SHAPE AND GROW CLOSER, I DO NOT FEAR THEM!
I HAVE COME TO FREE THE MAN CALLED STEVENS! NOTHING YOU CAN DO CAN SWERVE ME FROM MY PURPOSE!

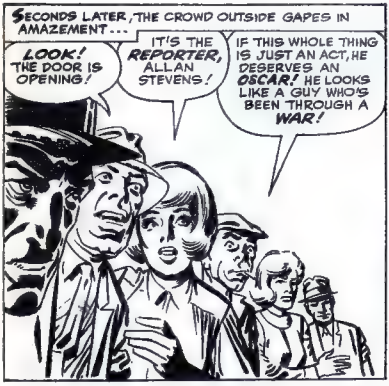
THE MISTS HAVE SHAPED THEMSELVES INTO A CELL ... IMPRISONING ME! THE POWER OF MY ENEMY IS GREAT INDEED! I PRAY IT DOES NOT EXCEED MY OWN!

IN THE NAME OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU!! BY THE HOSTS OF THE HOARY HOGGOTH! I CALL UPON THE MYSTIC REALM!
LET THE FURY OF THE AGELESS VISHANTI SHOW ITSELF! DR. STRANGE COMMANDS! BY THE TWELVE MOONS OF MUNNOPOR, MY WILL MUST BE DONE!!


SCARCELY HAVE THE POTENT WORDS LEFT THE QUIVERING LIPS OF THE MAN OF MYSTERY, THAN A SPINE-TINGLING HUM FILLS THE ROOM AS A FIELD OF SHEER MYSTICAL FORCE CAUSES THE MISTS TO WEAKEN AND FADE AWAY...

IT IS DONE! IN THE NAME OF THE VENERATED ANCIENT ONE, I DISMISS THE POWERS THAT BE! THEY HAVE SERVED ME WELL!

YOU HAVE WITNESSED MY POWER! YOU KNOW IT IS GREATER THAN YOURS! YOU HAVE NO CHOICE... YOU MUST RELEASE THE ONE WHO IS YOUR PRISONER!
YOU DARE SPEAK THUS TO ME?!! YOU WHO ARE MERE FLESH AND BLOOD!!

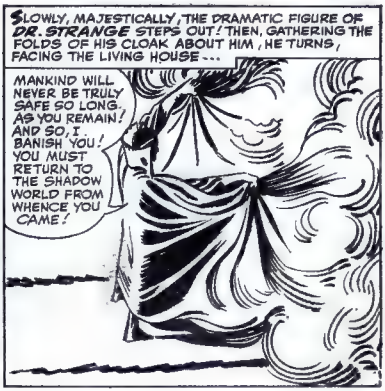

SECONDS LATER, THE CROWD OUTSIDE GAPES IN AMAZEMENT...
LOOK! THE DOOR IS OPENING!
IT'S THE REPORTER, ALLAN STEVENS!
IF THIS WHOLE THING IS JUST AN ACT, HE DESERVES AN OSCAR! HE LOOKS LIKE A GUY WHO'S BEEN THROUGH A WAR!

STEVENS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU IN THERE!? SPEAK UP, MAN! WE'RE STILL ON T.V.! THE WHOLE WORLD IS WAITING TO KNOW!
I DON'T KNOW! IT'S AS THOUGH MY MIND WENT BLANK FROM THE TIME I ENTERED THE HOUSE! ALL I KNOW IS... I'M NEVER GOING BACK! NEVER!!
HE'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK! BETTER GET HIM TO A DOCTOR!

I HAVE DONE AS YOU ASKED! I HAVE RELEASED THE HUMAN! NOW YOU MUST KEEP YOUR PLEDGE TO ME!
IT SHALL BE AS WE SAID! NONE SHALL KNOW YOUR SECRET! IT IS BETTER THUS! FOR MEN WOULD NOT BELIEVE!!

THEY WOULD NOT BELIEVE THAT THE HOUSE ITSELF IS ALIVE! THAT YOU HAVE COME FROM ANOTHER SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM, TO OBSERVE US... AND HAVE PRETENDED TO BE HAUNTED, IN ORDER TO HAVE NONE LEARN THE TRUTH!

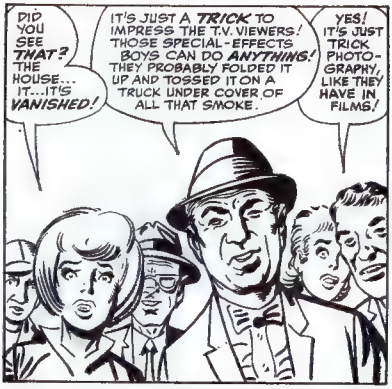
AND THEN...
LOOK! THE DOOR IS OPENING AGAIN!


SLOWLY, MAJESTICALLY, THE DRAMATIC FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE STEPS OUT! THEN, GATHERING THE FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK ABOUT HIM, HE TURNS, FACING THE LIVING HOUSE...
MANKIND WILL NEVER BE TRULY SAFE SO LONG AS YOU REMAIN! AND SO, I BANISH YOU! YOU MUST RETURN TO THE SHADOW WORLD FROM WHENCE YOU CAME!

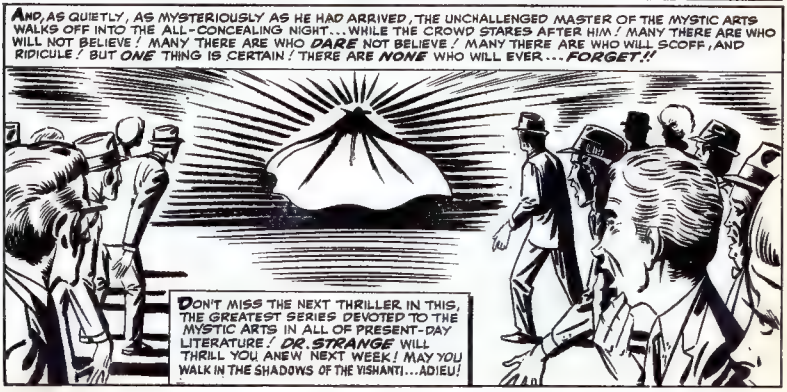
NO! DO NOT MAKE ME DEPART! NO MATTER WHAT I DO TO THE HUMAN RACE, I SHALL NOT HARM YOU!
I HAVE SWORN TO PROTECT MANKIND! MY WILL IS INFLEXIBLE! BEGONE!

LET THE VAPOURS OF THE VISHANTI DRIVE YOU FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN! LET THE MYSTIC HOSTS OF HOGGOTH PREVENT YOU FROM EVER RETURNING AGAIN!

IT IS DONE! I HAVE TRIUMPHED!


DID YOU SEE THAT? THE HOUSE... IT...IT'S VANISHED!
IT'S JUST A TRICK TO IMPRESS THE T.V. VIEWERS! THOSE SPECIAL-EFFECTS BOYS CAN DO ANYTHING! THEY PROBABLY FOLDED IT UP AND TOSSED IT ON A TRUCK UNDER COVER OF ALL THAT SMOKE.
YES! IT'S JUST TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY, LIKE THEY HAVE IN FILMS!

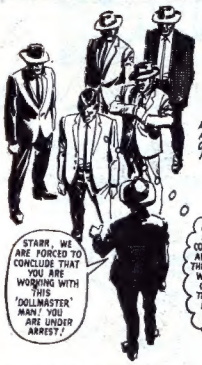
BUT, ALTHOUGH THE DUMBFOUNDED SPECTATORS REFUSE TO BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF THEIR OWN EYES, THEY RECOIL IN AWE AND RESPECT AS A SILENT, BROODING FIGURE WALKS PAST!
IT'S DR. STRANGE! HE'S COMING THIS WAY!
STEP ASIDE! LET HIM PASS!
THERE'S ONE GENT I'M GIVING A LOT OF ELBOW ROOM TO! YES SIR!


AND, AS QUIETLY, AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD ARRIVED, THE UNCHALLENGED MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS WALKS OFF INTO THE ALL-CONCEALING NIGHT...WHILE THE CROWD STARES AFTER HIM! MANY THERE ARE WHO WILL NOT BELIEVE! MANY THERE ARE WHO DARE NOT BELIEVE! MANY THERE ARE WHO WILL SCOFF, AND RIDICULE! BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN! THERE ARE NONE WHO WILL EVER...FORGET!!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLER IN THIS, THE GREATEST SERIES DEVOTED TO THE MYSTIC ARTS IN ALL OF PRESENT-DAY LITERATURE! DR. STRANGE WILL THRILL YOU ANEW NEXT WEEK! MAY YOU WALK IN THE SHADOWS OF THE VISHANTI...ADIEU!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.

the LIVING DOLLS

TROUBLE IS PILING UP FOR SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT DON STARR, VICTIM OF A FIENDISH THOUGHT-PROJECTION MACHINE, DON HAS REVEALED THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS OF HIS ORGANISATION TO THE DEVILISH DOLLMASTER, CREATOR AND CONTROLLER OF THE NIGHTMARE LIVING DOLLS. BUT NO-ONE BELIEVES HIS STORY...



Next week:- CAPTIVE AGAIN!

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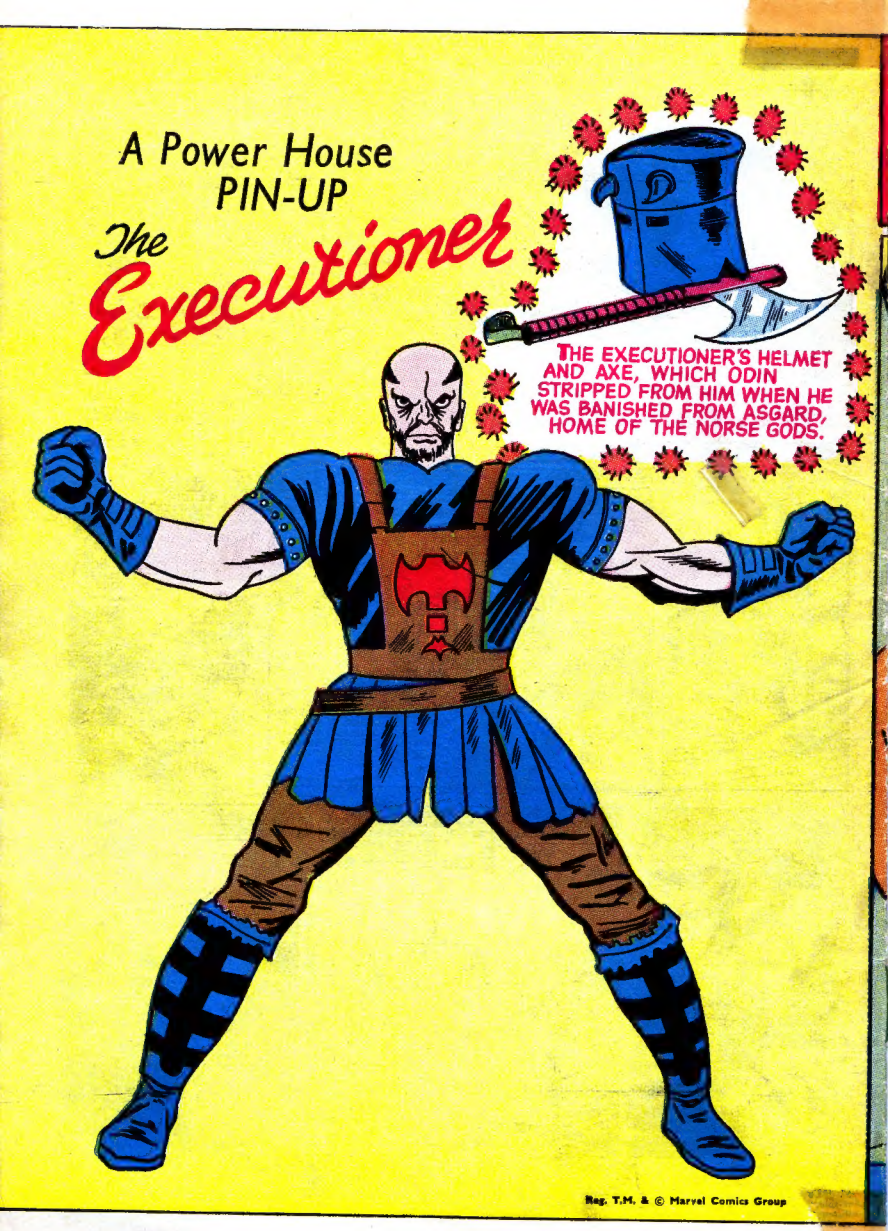
A Power House
PIN-UP
The Executioner
THE EXECUTIONER'S HELMET AND AXE, WHICH ODIN STRIPPED FROM HIM WHEN HE WAS BANISHED FROM ASGARD, HOME OF THE NORSE GODS.
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